LOCHNESS MESS IN THE WILDERNESS

and other tales of an Odd G

-an accompaniment to the album
"CAUTIONARY TALE" by G'Odd

THE LOCHNESS MESS IN THE WILDERNESS

and other prescriptive tales from an Odd G

by G'Odd

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The Holiday Weekend

I’m the razor blade in your Halloween candy
I’m the dead that’s in your day

But when it’s I whose soul is lost
It's not I, but you who has to pay

And with that if you think that life is not fair
Well then pardner, put 'er there

You are one step closer to knowing that
here is here
and where is there
It changes all the time
Don’t believe me? I dare you to stare

For the next step, compare our hair
You’ll find that mine is far more fair
Like angel dust in a bong honey bear

They could pull your heart from your chest, right there,
but mine, I wouldn’t even know where,
don’t despair
I really couldn’t care

There, there, mon cher
there, there

TEXAS: STATE OF A FAIR

Been on down to the state fair.

I surveyed the audience of the rodeo. It seems 36 of them were here the day before. Of those 36, 27 had made some form of the same joke today, "This is not my first rodeo." And of those 27, 23 came here for the sole purpose of doing so. Another 7 came because I had sold them weed dipped in embalming fluid and 2 of the 7 said, "*Damn, that was some good weed.*"

It's best not to arrive too early as it is rather sad to see Big Tex walk around to the neighboring businesses, to knock on the door and inform them he is a registered sex offender.

Back in my teenager days, prizes at the fair were those Motely Crue coke mirrors and purple feather roach clips. Now, the teenage boys all just get diabetes. With their obesity taking hold, and their already meek demeanor, combined with the assertive confidence of today's young lady, a new dynamic is created in which the sexual aggressor is….well, me….and sadly Big Tex. I fear they will be hard on him on the inside. May he find a kind cell mate.

It is nice to see they have improved the treatment of the animals. They even have a specialist there to give them massages. Of course, Deshaun Watson, showed up and demanded a hand job of her. He had come over from Houston. I fear it may have diminished the effectiveness of the Houston Astro display, which has just finally formed a crowd of young people around it, asking each other what baseball was.

TEXAS: STATE OF A FAIR

Sorry Houston, I guess you'll always have to play second fiddle to Dallas.

Make sure you ride the Ferris Wheel of Despair. It stops at the top and you can see right into South Dallas, where the rampant poverty and crime cast a shadow on the capitalistic glory of the fair grounds. Many comforted themselves by thinking those people were killing themselves already.

It's nice to see the tourists coming from Afar, Texas, to Dallas, and getting their first chance to sit next to a black person. Of those 17 who engaged in speaking, 15 said simply, "*Well, bless your heart.*" One posted a picture to Instagram and typed, "*Here I am sitting casually with a typical group of surrounding people.*" The 17th and final person just kept inexplicably shouting "*Wakanda forever!*"

THE POLICE CANVAS

I awoke in a construction site this morning and headed out as the workers arrived.

I must admit I was in a mild state, having drunk a touch the night before.

And who should I encounter before I could so much as have my morning coffee, but the 7-11 security guard who hassles anybody looking remotely like they're street.
I must admit, in my ill-tempered mood, I shot him dead.

The police were called and arrived swiftly, as I stood by the art shopping cart. Today's haul was a stack of painting canvases.

A detective called the officers together. "A man has been killed, everybody canvas the neighborhood."
With great speed and effort, they each grabbed one of the paintings from the cart, and dispersed around the neighborhood, hanging them on light posts and street corner signs.

Just as quickly as they had come, they were gone.

Of course, I felt great relief at first, but then as the comically childish stupidity of the police set in, I began to feel a sadness, and that turned to remorse and suddenly, I felt the overwhelming need to confess.
So, I took this canvas down, from its place covering a stop sign.

Upon it I shall paint my self-portrait.

TARGETED

Target has long been the…um…thing that you aim at… of so many in the homeless community.

Nobody really knows why. Is it fear or apathy, or are they just plain naive and ineffective in their own defense? Do they suffer from some crippling inability to defend their territory?

It is at this festive time of year, that the pain of big box retailers is felt most acutely. This holiday season, beginning with Black Friday, we plead for the homeless community to have mercy on the local Target store.

Pity, empathy, sympathy, ….anything you can find in your heart. Feel don't steal.

Just Say NOwhere Better

Dallas is rolling out some new plans to make it a more drug friendly city, and hoping to attract drug users who might otherwise go to a big city like Chicago or New York.

The initiative will fall under the restructured transportation department DART, Drugs And Rapid Transit.

Speed meets Speed in Dallas, the city that Moves, in jittery, somewhat controlled fashion.

Police will show their support with "Cops for Meth day" residents will be able to a receive a quarter gram from any on duty officer and all squad cars will be functioning as needle exchanges for a 24 hour period. Simply chuck used rigs into any squad car.

MEANWHILE…JUST OUTSIDE THE FAIRGROUND

In front, by the corner of the gate. one man had managed to escape detection and lie slumped against the fence for a quick nap, his Steel Reserve trickling from the top of the 43oz, plastic, screw top bottle. He jolted awake when a cop shook him and held up a painted canvas asking, "*Do you think this would look nice here?*"

The two were seen discussing this for some time.
Out the window of the DART train, one woman overheard them wondering what was the name for the tool that you use to tell if something is level, and was considering shouting "Level!" when the doors slammed shut and instead she asked, "*What is that strange smell, like gas*?"

A fare inspector paused in writing a ticket, and was on the way over to inform the woman that the train was a favored place for local folks to smoke wet, and that there were even more smokers on board than usual as they cleared the sidewalks for the fair.

But then, an announcement came over the loudspeaker. "*Do you part, don't fart when you're riding DART*."

At this point, all parties considered the matter settled.

THE DICKS OF WRATH

“You’re never going to get any of this Pus-saayy.”

Just then, over the Zone 1 local radio…
"A cloud emanating from the 7-ll today was identified as a gas that will cause genitals to melt into a bare patch."

“God damn. Look what you’ve done. Talking about your pussy on the sabbath. Your vengeful gOD, will smite us all.”

“It’s not going to melt our genitals.”

“It’s as if one of the genders does not realize everything is not about their junk.”

“Get the fuck out of here.”

"Anyone who has been to the 7-11 in the last 48 hours is sure to be contaminated."

“You gOD damn monsters have turned us all into smoothies!”

"Who the fuck are you?"

Sheepish men form lines, slowly beginning the march out west..

...hoping there’ll be at least some little dicks out there, hung pitifully above their shriveled grapes of wrath.

THE STORY OF GETTING THE BAG

The bag is sitting there on the ground. I mean, the bag, it's ON the list, right? Of course, the mere mention of purchasing something here and now, would likely be met with a swarm of some kind and my presence was already causing a tension to permeate the platform.

"*Could I have a cigarette?*"

"Remember, I took out the pack, pulled the last 2, threw the pack in the trash, handed him one, and lit the other, which I have promised to share with you."

"*Shmuh ah*" was the response. Monotone, not sure if it was meant to be much in any direction.

Now, what the fuck here… The white guy is back. He is all dressed up in some leprechaun looking outfit, too. Maybe he'll be a distraction, or maybe just make the neighbors think we're the gentrification scouts and do us in straight away.

"*Could I have…*"
"Yup, your turn already after only about 5 seconds and 2 tiny puffs. There you go."

"Say, is that your bag? Or is it just sitting there?"
"*Just sitting there.*"
I looked around. There's the weird, young crazy who likes to throw an odd variety of things at people on the train, ranging from cosmetic products to the occasional pastry. She will have to do. I need help on this one.

THE STORY OF GETTING THE BAG

I turn back to the smoking woman. I look around at the men and try to get a mental map of distance, number, and potential for danger. Looks like most of what I'm dealing with will be coming from the other side of the tracks, though their position was about to quickly change.

One more glance, over the shoulder, clear my throat and in my booming natural voice, "I'd like to buy that bag, if it were available."

Air raid sirens went off, 3 cars crashed, somebody slipped on a banana peel, and the Kool Aid man jumped through the wall, and said "*Oh yeah*!".

Oh shit, young lady freak not respecting my sequence of events.

She confronts me with, "*You gonna pull out that big ol wad of cash right here and now*?"

I move her way, as was already intended, but now everything already feels out of sync. "I Just might do that, girl. Would you like that?"

She pulls out a jar of Vaseline. "*You wanna buy some jerk off juice*?"

"*That's my bag sir, and yes you can buy it. Which one was it anyway?*" "I *also have some cologne, a nice coat…*"

THE STORY OF GETTING THE BAG

"*Can I get some of that Vaseline?*" says the smoking woman.
I turn back to lady lube and in a soft voice, implore, "C'mon, let me just get the Vaseline for like a buck. I mean I think…, can't you just take all these coins"

***"Ah shit, he broke! He a broke ass nigga*! *I knew you was a broke motherfucka!*"**
Perfect, now, back to the pile of stuff on the ground.

***"Can I have a cigarette?*"**
"You just smoked the last one, remember?" She did not, or at least didn't see my comment as having any bearing on her request.

***"This one?*"**
"No, the black one with the handles there."
"I also got this cologne, smells real good."

"You can just have the bag, Mister. It was just sitting here." **Smoking lady is alright after all.**

I glance the screen 6 minutes…it's a stretch.

"Cologne, the coat, you need toothbrushes…."

"He a broke ass motherfucka!"
"Just that bag and that's it."
"…and could I get a cigarette?"
"Alright, what you got?"

THE STORY OF GETTING THE BAG

"Well, nothing, my friend is coming to meet me. He'll buy it for me."

"*What, you're not buying it now?!*" Tension escalates…. "It's just a minute, shit, you saw me get off the train, that's why I'm here still. He's walking up any second, and he got me." "That's a bet." "He got me like that." My cadence and gestures, wreaked of failed authenticity.

That held him just long enough. I got in position. One hand creeping into my soon to be obsolete Family Dollar tote bag, fondling the handle inside.

The train pulls in, the doors open, I jump inside. In one hand, I hold $5, in the other, I wave the rusty saw.

"Here's $5 throw the bag into the train fast before the door closes. Throw it INTO THE TRAIN!"

He came up, tossed the bag with a slight lunge at the bill, but not trying to jump through the door. He had certainly planned for more, but wasn't about to let that train pull out and leave Abe Lincoln on board.

Which speech did Lincoln give from a train? I should ask him; he's sitting in the handicap section next to the Kool Aid man.

I sat down, took out the notebook, and crossed "get a bag" off the list. I looked up and saw smoking lady hand-feeding leprechaun boy, probably 30 years her junior, some kind of cake. Nice game sister.

THE STORY OF GETTING THE BAG

I walked over and gave her 1 grape cigarillo, inside the pack. “A cigar usually keeps me going 'til I can find some cigarettes.“

“Thanks, Mister. You alright.”

AND NOW..FOR THE NEWS

SEE SAWER

A man with a rusty saw was seen today on the platform of the SMU MOCKINGBIRD station.
Such sightings are rare but authorities are asking anyone seeing any sawing to remember this is an up and down affair. The seer of said sawer should report to the top of the slide.

In other playground news: Tools of Systematic Racism, or Beyond the Thunderdome? The installation of the once common dome shaped monkey bars has left some local parents with their mouths ag'ape. Keep your eyes peeled Recess is a bananarama, first recess after a cruel, cruel summer.

MARKETING GONE AWRY

The Mlk bus station is still being terrorized by marketing horses that escaped from the fairgrounds.

The brand ambassadors were to promote a local hip hop record, and the artist apparently did not realize that the horses would run away upon searing them with the hot iron and he regrets not being able to tell the street team about some incentives they could earn based on production.

Anybody coming into contact with the horses should be warned they are likely associated with some drug activity, after horse shoes were found on top of the bus station and a trough wreaking of whack was over turned.

DICKS OF WRATH TWO

"Do you have anything…hey could I get this one?"

"Actually, these are costumes for a…yeah sure, and this one is pretty warm, will that work?"

"Hey, do you want to go over by the park and fool around?"

He extends a just a moment index finger, clearly just remembering critical information for the decision-making process had been omitted. Suddenly it dawns on the man that he is wearing a wig and a pink hoodie, and such a proposition is an unsurprising turn of events.

"No thanks, but I have, whoa! ! !"

The propositioner had casually opened his pants, pulled out his dick with a two-handed, grandiose, unwinding motion, and presented this unfurled beast.

This was the most gigantic dick he have ever seen, and even the previous record holder had nothing to offer in terms of competition.

"No, you see I have, respect to you by the way, I have to go. I am playing a show tonight."

"*Is it something I could come to*?"

Thinking it over, club full of rappers, even the nicest of them hesitant to speak of anything gay.

"Not really man, it's kind of an artist only thing."

DICKS OF WRATH TWO

The propositioner took a stick, swatting at the dancing cobra until it went back into its basket.

Walking onto the train, he couldn't help but think, if he had that dick, he would go anywhere he wanted and never ask anybody before he did whatever he wanted.

DICKS OF WRATH THREE

"You can suck my mothefucking dick hole."

"Dear sir, please, do not take the lord's name in main vein."

AND NOW..FOR THE NEWS

I CAN'T FUCKS WITH THAT (NO CAN DO)

Shocking news from Forest Lane today, as an area 14 year old switched course on the seemingly firm position that he no longer fucks with his neighbor, who he also attends a nearby school with.
He cited the the upcoming holidays and there not really being a lot of people in that neighborhood to hang with, as the reasoning behind his stunning reversal.
After such a whirlwind , you can't help what comes next for the young man, Apparently, he intends to get his cake up, in order to mix with a crowd that have drivers licenses.
One gets the sense he might come out of this aight.

PUBLIC SERVICE FOR JUMPERS

If you stand on the train platform and demand to be given a record deal or you will jump, they do not give you one, and they are pissed enough after they pull you off of the tracks, that if you give them any additional shit, they have a sinister punishment: They take you to Baylor.

EN BREVE

-An unidentified man in an unidentified wig took over the Fox laundromat today in Oak Cliff today.
-The enlightenment hour has been reduced to 6 minutes due to budgetary restraints.
-I'm not just cocksure I'm dicksure.

FOR THE CHILDREN

I came upon a playground today. The children were jumping rope and singing this song, which I've done my best to transcribe. Hopefully, it is in the public domain so as not to violate the ipr of some twisted little junkie preschooler:

Hard will make you hard

and some cream will make you stream

Shoot a bit of boy

stay somewhere in between

C and k

Go on through the day

If you too,

want to do some k2

You're gonna be dead

And that is what we do

1, 2, 3, 4 1 and 2

1, 2, 3, 4
More more more

THE FIREMAN

For some days, I realized I couldn't remember much. I tried to look back at the exact words that were exchanged when I talked with the Fireman. I guess, looking for clues that it was some bout of madness, which I still found unlikely.

Some of it came back as I was making my last stop at Zone 1 before leaving. I had come up through the parking lot of 7-11. There was a guy on the ground, the security guard and a 3rd person hovering over them watchfully. Fire trucks were entering the parking lot. (reminding me again, that if ever I find my self the subject of harm and awaiting treatment, I would hope they would just send a freakin' ambulance. I have this image of gasping out my last breath, with a dalmatian humping my leg) I thought with the parking lot overlord busy, it might be an ideal time to check the trash for treasure, but no sooner had I hit the bin on the far side, than that security guard was on me. He apparently has the Pac Man ability to go out one side and appear on the other. I didn't turn to face him and continued on my way, hoping not to lose the time it would take should I decide I must defend my honor against the foolishly cruel.

I made my way through the cross walk, and the guy in the begging spot asked me, "*Did he threaten you?*" I said not much had transpired though I am aware he is a class A prick.

The man told me of the guard's feud with the area homeless, and we spoke of other things, that I don't remember. I believe the topic of some diversions came up, but I had clarified I was broke as in zero cents.

THE FIREMAN

He wished me well, and I was on my way. There must have been a shout because I looked back. With an expression of consternation hung on his face, he looked at his sign, put it down, came toward, then past me, beckoning I follow. He began to tell more of himself and his intention, including that he would be telling a bit of "my story" to the person we soon met at the entry to a somewhat secluded spot.

At some point in that span, he told me he was a fire fighter, injured in the line of duty, the medical bills sending him to the street and that his past profession helped a bit with begging. Just after sitting I told him of the Fire Brigade and gave him as sticker.

The Fireman said he and the people there would help me out, to stay around this area and they would make sure I was alright until I settled in. As always, I have a little shiver, and remind myself I have no intention to create any sort of homeless routine, but I am not turning away helpful friends either.

He had one mission, I was off to Oak Lawn, and we were to meet after. He presented a surgically altered bus ticket that made me feel un-"resourceful", for not having thought of the same procedure.

Then Scott came up. We had talked enough to be on friendly terms, and come to find out, it was he struck by the car. (Later I would learn, this happens a lot to Scott, I mean a ridiculous number of times, causing intense physical damage, but that is another story)

THE FIREMAN

The Fireman gave me vague directions to his camp spot, and we said farewell, going our separate ways to meet back after. I promised to seek out some bandages for Scott, but he assured me that he was uninterested in my field nursing, and likely thought me uninformed, as I was not yet acquainted with his extensive crash related history.

I never saw the Fireman again. Searched all around that evening and again the following ones. His promise came true, more or less. “They” took care of me in so much as I needed, offering mostly friendship and occasionally pointing me in the right direction for confection. The spot itself was charmed. I asked about the Fireman a few times, and nobody ever answered.

TALES FROM THE CLIFF

The timing of this sudden departure seemed all too convenient...

"Say, where do you think you're off to? There is the matter of a missing set of car keys and a large collection of wigs to be settled."

Silence fell over tables in front of the Fox taqueria.

"*Do I know you? Don't you owe me money?*"

Had to give him credit. He was good.

"Alright. The money I owe you, forget about it. You keep the car and the keys."

"*I'll load the bowl, and I want half the wigs.*"

"And we give the white girl to the Arabs. Deal."

Find out how this story began and ended, next week on....TALES FROM THE CLIFF

3 important notes on the laudromat in the Oak Cliff Fox station, straight from my journals.

-the sign says "free dry", nothing about requiring your washing of any items.
-yes, a girl will fit in the drier
-if you threaten asking for a job application, the closing hours are flexible

WE GOTTA STOP MEETIN' LIKE THIS

First guy, never seen him.
"I'm sure it's good. It's just …. il advised at the moment. "

Some steps later. My guy. Sorry I doubted him that one time. He comes through for real and he's kind of sweet, childish.

"Nah, I want to, man, but you know. Here's for a nic though. Just keep it for yourself. Be safe man."

His face beams, with a dull glow, looking up from his spot on the ledge. Weakly, he smiles, and produces cracked glassworks from his pocket. He is pale, ashen, and a touch sickly. I continue until coming upon the man in the wheel chair again. Must have made a circle.

"Well, if it's consternation about the construction shit on the beggar island that's got everyone away, it hasn't had any effect on our boy."

"What exactly is that phrase he says?"

A guy in some sort of "costume", the nature of which I have no idea…ethnic?, religious? …and I'm generally knowledgeable in such matters,… dances between the cars, effortlessly leaping from the crosswalk, into traffic and out again, like a popcorn kernel on hot cast iron. I never did find out what the fuck he yells over and over, and over.

The wheel chair guy is in no mood to chat. He is feeding on some 7-11 taquitos and agitated that "his

son" isn't around. Undeterred, I continue my monologue.

"….The thing that makes me believe in triggers, the name of his vile gOD perhaps, the incantation haunting the minds of countless in the area…"

"Recently released research which, after much searching, was unleased then leased as a re-release of research found that no less than 7o people have fallen into drug induced psychosis while hearing his begging shift vocalizations."

Another voice…I don't recognize it. I don't see anyone, I'm way down by the station now. Don't remember what happened. I play it cool, real cool.

"He does have game though. You player hatin'?"

"Perhaps, subconsciously. I should talk to him, but never tops the list."

"Yeah…I bet."

"Homeboy with that nutsack sized baggy, he seems to have aged."

"Oh yeah?"

"Horribly. In just a few days."

"That girl, looking over his shoulder, the other night, jacker?"

PRIVATE PROPERTY

Spin you like a drill bit
Head split
Need a place to sit
Can't you plainly see, marked right here
Private property
Security guard can get a bit sadistic
Doesn't matter because that head is too thick
Think quick
But if you're thinking with your dick
Then you are going to take a lick
The jack artist already has you in her sight
And you feel a little safer
When you see the first sunlight
You can scream rape or you can scream fire
Camera is watching when we hear the screeching tire
But nobody care what you even got to say
Sorry little sister you'll get justice 'nother day
Revolution coming but you probably heard
Just a misconceived notion of the term
Or a little wound up cuz you got a dime from Bird
I know you got good hustle but I can't understand a word
Yeah I'll take a dime for my motherfucking razor
Hit my girl too cuz a tazer wouldn't faze her
Just a proposition for a quick and easy job
If it's so easy why don't you do it, aren't you the one who likes to rob?
We're all a moving target and it's hanging on our back
Or are you referring to the red one on this Target sack?
Damn you got no mercy and they don't send you to jail
Got them in the slaughter house and gut them at retail
Last line of defense and it comes as no surprise
It's the security guard who makes sure no one lies

WE GOTTA STOP MEETIN' LIKE THIS

"Possible. Maybe just a weekend fling and he just figured it out."

Passerby: "*Nice glasses!*"

"Thanks, man."
"*Thanks, man*."

"Well, I'm going to take another look around for Scott."

"*Hey, but just a sec, I thought you went through*?"

"I did. Got sent straight back. Told I had missed something."

PRIVATE PROPERTY

On the grass or has a moment sitting on their ass
Now look here, plain as day, anyone can see
This right here is private property
1,2,3 you heard me private property

And we do the same dance tomorrow
In perfect symbiosis

SCOTT'S LAST STAND

I was at the intersection, half walking to Shitty Place, half looking for someone to talk to when Scott slowly emerged from the darkness. He tread the last step with a mournful, yet purposeful gait, before pausing in front of me.

"Now, on this night, I walk to my death."

"..but why do you say that, how will you be killed? (image of Scott crashing through the windshield of a car enters the logic side of my brain, before the creative half evaluates and dismisses it)

"Cartel, maybe."

"If The Cartel wanted you dead, wouldn't they just do it, rather easily?"

"No. I am protected by God."

I started to protest that he has made his own fortune, but I was quickly drowned out by the sounds of trumpets and a swelling orchestral movement. The lights dimmed, save for a spotlight on Scott, and a flag of vague origin rippled behind him.

"God...he's got me. He got me like that"

"...but no, Scott then just don't go, don't go! You can't go!" I was suddenly wearing a flowing gown of sorts, perhaps from the antebellum period, and was about to fall to my knees, and clasp his leg.

SCOTT'S LAST STAND

He placed his hand dutifully upon my shoulder. I felt the solemn nature of the moment. A tear paused on my cheek, and I'm not sure if it was because I was busting a gut, about to break into laughter, but I was totally sold on the drama of the moment, and wishing to conduct my role with honor lest it lead to offers of bigger parts.

"You, (lengthy pause) are a good man. You must carry on my work when I am gone."

"I will…." I tried to ponder bearing his massive burden, and tried to look insincere in my confidence, "...I will."
He nodded, his assertion of knowing confirmation, and strode towards the 7-11.

The streets need more heroes to give such performances.